

ing her the air and mien of an empress. But her handsome face was distorted by impatient anger.

"Hasn't the dress come yet, Lucille?" she cried, as the girl entered. "You will have to send after it, and apologize to the company, for I will not be disappointed."

"You shall not, my lady; here it is." She snatched the package eagerly, and began to tear off the wrapping.

"To think that I must be kept waiting in this manner," she continued, "I won't put up with it—they shall have another stitch of my work."

"My mother finished the dress as soon as she could," Lucille said, advancing to the door of the dressing-room. "You only sent it on Wednesday; my mother had to work day and night to get it done as soon as she did—and she's sick, too."

"I can't help that; I'm not to be kept waiting. Here, assist me now—doesn't the dress look superbly? I told mamma how it would make up. What shall I wear? Let me see—the Valenciennes collar and the diamond—where is it?"

The maid raised the lid of a mother-of-pearl casket that stood upon the dressing-table, disclosing a brooch of rare device, set with a single diamond of such magnificent size and splendor that the whole room seemed ablaze with dazzling reflections. Miss Derwent's fine eyes flashed with triumph and gratification.

"That's it, Lucille, nothing could be more elegant than that splendid solitaire. Come, now, dress me quickly."

The girl stepped forward to shut the door, but Lucille put her aside.

"Miss Derwent," she said, "one moment, if you please; let me have the money you owe my mother. I would not ask for it if we were not in such urgent need."

Miss Derwent made an impatient gesture. "Lucille, will you close the door and dress me, or am I to be kept waiting all night? I will send the money to-morrow; don't trouble me now."

Lucille pressed in as she made her appeal, and stood beside the dressing-table, her hand resting upon the casket that contained the jewel. Its lustre caught her attention, and looking down upon it, a swift thought shot through her mind. Was it just that Isabel Derwent should have so much and she so little? What untold joy and comfort the value of that one bauble would bring to her mother and little Tom! But then came the old command, which had been taught her at the Sabbath-school, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," and she put the thought from her mind. Miss Derwent turned upon her red with anger.

"Didn't I tell you not to trouble me to-night? I'm too late now. Put her out, Lucille, and dress me at once, or I will discharge you this instant."

Lucille caught up the velvet robe, and Lucille turned away in despair. Descending the stairs the wearer of the heavy overcoat confronted her.

"Excuse me—but may I ask if Miss Derwent paid you?" he said abruptly.

Lizzie's eyes were dim with tears of disappointment; but she flashed an amused glance at this fellow's bearded face, and then answered candidly:

"No, sir, she did not."

He stood silent a moment, still barring her way; and then he drew out his pocket-book, which like his overcoat, was very heavy.

"Little girl," he said, hesitatingly, "will you let me pay your bill?"

But Lizzie shot by him like an arrow—her heart was too proud to accept his offer. He looked after her, and she disappeared down the long hall, with half a sigh.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured; "and what a face she has—it reminds me of Raphael's Madonna. And Belle Derwent, with her many thousands, could not find a penny to pay her. I'll not forget that."

Lizzie ran until she reached the street, and felt the sharp sting of the ice against her feet. Then she thought of her mother and little Tom. How could she go back to them with nothing? She stopped, looking back at the blazing windows, and half regretting that she did not accept of the gentlemen's kindness. What would become of them all that dreary night without food or fuel, and poor Tom so hungry for his sausage? She stood quite still for a moment or two in deep thought; then she crossed over to a lamp, and drawing a slender gold chain from her bosom, examined it closely. Years before, when she was a wee girl, with violet eyes and glossy curls, her father gave it to her as a birthday gift, and the tiny locket, suspended from it, contained his miniature. He was dead, and it was very hard to part with this precious memento—the very thought of it made her sob outright. But she could not let her sick mother sit in that chill room all night without the cup of tea she had craved all day. And a poor little face seemed to rise up before her eyes. It was the only treasure she possessed on earth—but it must go. She removed it from her neck and started off at a rapid pace, clutching it in her hand. She would sell it, but her mother and Tom should never know; and by-and-by, may be, she might raise money enough to redeem it.

She paused, flushed and breathless, at the door of a fashionable jewelry store. The windows were radiant with precious gems, and everything looked so bright and wonderful that the poor girl was half afraid to go in. She leaned against the windows, striving to recover her courage, when a heavy hand was laid on her arm.

"Not so fast, my pretty bird!" said a gruff voice; "you must come with me."

Lizzie turned in indignant surprise, and made an effort to shake off his grasp, but he held her.

"I arrest you, Lizzie Graham," he said, "in the name of the law."

"Arrest me!—and for what, pray?"

"For stealing Miss Derwent's diamond."

The trial at the magistrate's office was brief—the evidence conclusive. Of course the girl was found guilty. Did not Miss Derwent herself observe her standing by the dressing case, with her hand upon the casket that contained the jewel? and five minutes after the diamond was gone. And, to clinch the evidence, the officers she sent in pursuit of her found her lurking around a jewelry store, waiting to sell the diamond of course. There was no mistake about the matter. So Lizzie Graham was committed to the county prison to await further trial. A considerable crowd followed her, though the storm was severe; and as the grated door was about to shut her in, looking from one face to another with a vain hope of help, she recognized the young

man who had proffered her a kindness before. She made a gesture and he was at her side in an instant.

"Stop," he commanded, "let her speak to me."

And the warden obeyed, for Dick Renshaw was the first man in the city.

"Poor mother and little Tom," she said, her lips quivering. "If you could only send them word—they will be so uneasy."

"I will. Where do they live?"

She named the street. Then he stopped and laid his hand on her head.

"Little girl, what can I do for you? You are not guilty of this charge."

Her tearful eyes brightened.

"Don't trouble about that, sir," she said quickly. "God will clear me!"

Through all the weary day that intervened before the trial, Dick Renshaw worked and waited. Never was a man's soul so full of work. Day and night the girl's white face and dove eyes were before him. He engaged the most eminent counsel for the case, but every one told him it was useless. Of course the girl would be found guilty—was the assurance of all.

On the day of the trial, he went to see Miss Derwent herself. She came down readily enough, but with a look of resentment in her fine eyes, for Mr. Renshaw was an old admirer of hers, and he had been rather neglectful of late. But, unconscious or careless of this, the young man plunged into business at once.

"Miss Derwent, Lizzie Graham will be convicted to-morrow," he said.

Miss Derwent raised her eyes in well-learned surprise.

"So I suppose, Mr. Renshaw."

"You believe her guilty?"

"I do."

He rose to depart.

"And you intend to send her to State prison?"

"The law will send her there."

"Good morning, Miss Derwent."

"Good morning, Mr. Renshaw."

And they had been almost lovers, Dick went to consult with his counsel, and Miss Derwent, out to the quick, despatched a messenger to Count Gordon to attend her to the opera that night.

At a late hour Renshaw dropped in, hoping that the music might soothe his excited nerves. His interest in the impending trial amounted to madness. He chanced into a box just opposite Miss Derwent's. She was looking her best as she always did when she wore the wine-colored velvet; and when she drew to depart, the young man, more from habit than anything else, raised his glass to inspect her. A stream of light almost blinded him, a glowing star, as it were, in the folds of her sweeping train. The next instant he was at her side, disengaging the glittering diamond from its hiding place.

"Look here, Miss Derwent," he cried, holding it before her astonished eyes, "see your diamond; and you have carried it in your robe all the time, while the poor child has been lying in prison. Oh! shame! shame!"

"Mr. Renshaw, I am sorry," she began; but he was gone before she had finished her sentence.

Lizzie Graham, sitting all alone in her gloomy cell, reading her Bible by the light of a prison lamp, heard the heavy door swing open and swift steps ring down the corridor. She looked up in wondering alarm. Dick Renshaw stood before her, his bearded face as happy and tranquil as a woman's.

"Little girl," he said, "I offered to do you a kindness once and you refused to accept it. I come to give you freedom now—you are clear. Miss Derwent has found her diamond; it was stuck in the velvet robe she wore that night."

"I knew that God would clear me," she whispered softly.

Three months later, when the skies were blue and the fields green, and all the hedges white and sweet with Hawthorn bloom, Lizzie and her mother and little Tom, were all down at a little seaside cottage—not a fashionable resort, but a quiet, happy little place that Mr. Renshaw had selected for its rural beauty. Mrs. Graham's health was failing, and Tom needed country air, he said.

So they all went down there. Lizzie had been out all the afternoon, gathering strawberries, and came home at sunset, her lips and fingers dyed rose-red, and her eyes bright with joy. Dick met her out on the lawn, with his fishing tackle across his shoulders. He threw it down and took the basket from her arm. They had walked on silently for a moment or two, then he came to a sudden halt.

"Lizzie," he began abruptly, his voice broken and tremulous, "I might as well speak now as at any time. I've been all over the world, and know scores of fine women—but I never knew what love was until I saw your face. Will you be my wife, Lizzie?" Lizzie looked upon the summer heavens, where the stars were coming out, and breathed her answer like a prayer.

"I will, Mr. Renshaw."

That night she told her mother, and the widow's wan face seemed to regain a measure of its lost youth; and little Tom, listening and comprehending, clasped his hands with delight.

"Didn't I tell you so, mother?" he said, didn't I tell you that Lizzie's Prince would turn up by and by?"

"I will, Mr. Renshaw."

That night she told her mother, and the widow's wan face seemed to regain a measure of its lost youth; and little Tom, listening and comprehending, clasped his hands with delight.

"Didn't I tell you so, mother?" he said, didn't I tell you that Lizzie's Prince would turn up by and by?"

**Wit and Wisdom.**

A single file—a bachelor.

Something you're always coming to blows with—your nose.

He who tells all he knows will also tell what he does not know.

Sugar, like a sweet temper, makes much insipidity agreeable.

Cast no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

The greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time that we fall.

Eye is said to be the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly goes out if you do not blow them.

We suffer more from anger and grief than for the very things for which we anger and grieve.

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? Truth crushed to the earth will rise again, but eggs won't.

## Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:  
FRIDAY JULY 31, 1868.

## An Appeal.

TO THE VOTERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY:

I hereby take occasion to announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff, which I now hold, having been advised to this course by very many of the voters of the county, they feeling as I do, that, having held the office but two years, while for many years it has been held from four to six years in succession by the same incumbent, I should have been nominated according to precedent.

Not supposing there was any reason for treating me differently from what other members of the party holding the same office had been treated I confidently expected the re-nomination at Sheldon and did not make the effort I otherwise should to secure it.

The inconvenience and injury that result from removing, for so short a period, all can readily see, and trusting this matter will be set right, I hopefully await the result.

A. J. SOULE,  
St. Albans, July 31, 1868.

From the foregoing, which we publish by request, it will be seen that Mr. Soule is to run as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff. We have only time to-day to say that we think Mr. Soule is taking a very injudicious step, and one that will not likely meet with much favor at the hands of the freemen of this county. When Mr. Soule allowed his name to be presented at the Sheldon Convention he did so with an implied understanding that he would abide the result of the convention; and it will become him now because the delegates saw fit to put another gentleman in nomination, who is every way fitted for the position, to put himself in nomination. There were other candidates before the Convention who were surprised at the result, and with equal propriety they might do as Mr. Soule is doing, run as independent candidates. But it is easy to see that such a course of procedure would do away with the necessity of conventions and produce interminable divisions and quarrels. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

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## Reading Matter.

The Weekly Messenger of the 31st, says to its readers: "Our readers will not fail to notice that we are of late furnishing more than our usual quantity of reading matter." We do not wish to dispute the truth of this assertion, for we have noticed that since the enlargement of the weekly TRANSCRIPT, and the starting of the Daily TRANSCRIPT, our venerable contemporary has done better by its readers in the amount of matter furnished; and we are sure the community that reads the Messenger, will thank us for this increase, which we have been the means of bringing about; it being the "reaction" caused by our "action."

But we wish to call attention to the fact that with all the bragging of our venerable contemporary, we "beat him all hollow," right along, month after month, and shall of course continue to do so. Although our paper is furnished for the low price of \$2 per year; though it is larger and better printed than the Messenger, which is usually furnished for \$2.50, though the price varies according to customers, from \$2 to \$3, yet we print a great deal more reading matter each month than that paper does. For instance, during the month of July just closed, in which the Messenger boasts of having furnished "more than its usual quantity of reading matter," the TRANSCRIPT publishes ninety-two and a half columns of reading matter, and the Messenger only eighty-two and a half columns—a difference of ten columns a month; and our columns contain by far the most matter, besides, as they are longer, and we do not "lead" everything to make a show, but put in matter taken from other papers, usually, in solid type, with no leads between the lines—the Messenger, on the other hand, "leading" almost everything but its stories. Without thinking of any business strife with our venerable contemporary, for whom we entertain most cordial good wishes, but instead, in the usual way of business, it will be seen that the readers of the TRANSCRIPT enjoyed in the month of July, for 16½ cents, the reading of ninety-two and a half columns of well printed and well chosen matter, fresh and good; while the readers of the Messenger paid 20 5/6 cents for the reading of eighty-two and a half smaller columns, and an advertisement, of five columns, consisting of the first part of a story which will not be finished, except in the Ledger. As our venerable neighbor has taken to bragging, we think it only fair to publish this hasty estimate, made in the first place for our own private amusement, and we publish it with the simple remark to readers: "You pay your money, and you take your choice."

There is a preacher out West whose prize is thus sounded by a contemporary: "I have repeatedly heard the famous men in America; but there are times when the flame of his pathos flicks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men!"

**THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.**—The fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States has been adopted by more than two thirds of the States of the Union. This amendment, it may be remembered, is the one which declares that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the States wherein they reside. It also regulates the appointment of Representatives in Congress according to the number of citizens in the respective States, excluding Indians not taxed, and declares anew who may be Senators and Representatives, excluding certain persons who have been or may hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the United States, and also declares that the validity of the public debt shall not be questioned, etc. The State of Georgia was the last to ratify the amendment, so far, her Legislature passing it on the 16th of July, and the President making proclamation thereof on the 27th. Accompanying the President's proclamation is a promulgation from the Secretary of State, to the effect that said amendment has been ratified by three-fourths of the States, and has become valid as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

A Washington despatch to the Boston Advertiser says that Mr. Evarts, the new Attorney General, is credited in quarters likely to be well informed, with clearing up the fog in Mr. Seward's mind relative to the status of the reconstructed States in the South. It will be recalled that in his proclamation of the 15th of July Mr. Seward was not able to see that the ratification of the fourteenth amendment by these States counted for anything, while in that of the 27th he puts them on the same footing as the other States.

**DISCHARGE OF CLERKS.**—A letter to the Traveller of recent date says that Secretary Schofield having received a large number of complaints relative to the recent discharge of ninety-four clerks from the quartermaster General's office, it being stated that citizen clerks had been retained and soldiers discharged, will make a thorough investigation of the whole matter. He has directed those clerks who have applied to him to be reinstated to present to him a written statement of all the facts, which he will investigate, and should it be found that competent soldier clerks have been dismissed and citizen clerks retained he will order their reinstatement.

A large number of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau in the District of Columbia will shortly be dismissed. The Asylum at Freedmen's Village has been broken up and inmates thereof removed. The Bureau force in the State of Maryland will also be withdrawn, except a few officers to attend to educational interests and the payment of bounties and back pay.

**STATE ELECTIONS.**—The following are the State elections previous to or at the general election, in the order in which they occur:

August 3	Kentucky.
August 13	Tennessee.
September 1	Vermont.
September 8	California.
September 14	Maine.
October 6	Nebraska.
October 13	Pennsylvania.
October 13	Ohio.
October 13	Indiana.
October 13	Iowa.
October 22	West Virginia.
November 3	New York.
November 3	New Jersey.
November 3	Delaware.
November 3	Maryland.
November 3	Illinois.
November 3	Michigan.
November 3	Wisconsin.
November 3	Minnesota.
November 3	Missouri.
November 3	Kansas.
November 3	Nevada.
November 3	Massachusetts.

## Notice.

ALL Persons indebted to Smith & Foster will do well to call and settle their accounts before the 1st day of September 1868. Owing to a change that is to be made in the firm at that time, the settlement of accounts now due could save costs and trouble if paid before that date.

Respectfully,  
SMITH & FOSTER.

July 30, 1868.  
P. S.—For the next thirty days Goods will be sold without regard to cost. Call and satisfy yourselves.  
SMITH & FOSTER.

## Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

A favorable opportunity is presented to energetic and reliable business men who can devote their entire time to the business, to represent this old, staunch, and most successful Life Company, in unoccupied territory in the State of Vermont. The many popular features peculiar to the Phoenix Mutual, and the great advantages it offers to the insuring public—its freedom from restrictions on travel and occupation—its non-forfeitable policies—its liberal premium system—the economy of the managing agent, and its large annual dividends, render it the most profitable Company to Agents desirous of realizing a handsome competency by their enterprise and energy. Apply to

G. L. BARCROCK,  
State Agent Phoenix Mutual Life Ins. Co.,  
de-fu Union Block, Rutland, Vt.

## HAT AND CAP STORE,

SOUTH MAIN STREET.

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full supply of

HATS, CAPS, FURS,  
GLOVES AND MITTENS,  
UMBRELLAS,  
GENTS' COLLARS.

And an assortment of Gent's Furnishing goods in his line of trade equal to shabbe prices, and excellence of goods, and at hat line, from common straw to the

G. B. SMITH,  
St. Albans, Vt. May 12, 1868.  
1-d-th

## DEWEY, NOBLE &amp; CO'S

INSURANCE

AGENCY.

**ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF**  
HARTFORD, CONN.,

CAPITAL AND SURP. US. \$1,833,343 39.

**HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF**  
NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$3,633,806 78.

**HARTFORD FIRE INS. COMPANY**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$2,000,000 00.

**INS. COMPANY NORTH AMERICA**  
OF PHILADELPHIA,

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$2,000,000 00.

**NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$1,500,000 00.

**SECURITY INSURANCE CO. OF**  
NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$1,477,777 14.

**LORILLARD FIRE INS. COMPANY**  
OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$1,500,000 00.

**NORTH AMERICAN FIRE IN. CO.**  
OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$750,000 00.

**CORN EXCHANGE INS. COMPANY**  
OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$550,000 00.

**NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$500,000 10.

**ROGER WILLIAMS INS. COMPY**  
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$201,358 81.

**GLENS FALLS INSURANCE CO.**  
OF GLENS FALLS, N. Y.,

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$218,329 18.

**Life Insurance.**  
THE MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF  
NEW YORK.

The Oldest and Largest Mutual Insurance Company in the United States.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS. \$25,000,000 00.

**Life and Accident Insurance**  
Either separately or combined, at the lowest rates of Premium in the

**TRAVELLER'S INSURANCE CO.**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

CAPITAL AND ASSETS. \$1,000,000 00.

All losses promptly attended to and settled at this Agency. Large Security, Fair Profits, and Insurance to any amount effected on the most satisfactory terms.

DEWEY, NOBLE & CO.  
Street, Office at his residence  
St. Albans, Vt., May 2, 1868.

Office corner Lake and Main St., St. Albans, Vermont.

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## NEW LADIES STORE,

Opposite Store of Saxe & Place in building formerly occupied by S. S. & J. A. Bedard. Ladies will find here a complete and choice assortment of Fancy Dry goods just received from market, such as

Laces,  
Fringes all colors.  
Edgings,  
Insertions.  
Muslins,  
Lawn,  
Collars, Cuffs  
Veils,  
Fans, a rich lot.

**Valenciennes and Thread Lace Collars.**

A nice line of French Cambrics and Fancy Lawns. A new Kid Glove which surpasses any thing yet brought into this market, and warranted. All of which will be sold at reasonable prices. Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

Dress and Cloak making to all its varieties under the skillful supervision of Miss Ellen Moore, long and favorably known to the inhabitants of this village and vicinity.

Agent for WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machines. 1-1-th  
L. P. KIMROX.

**THE ST. ALBANS BRIGADE BAND**

Are prepared to furnish music for